

BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM
VARIOUS SOURCES.

**Forgetfulness—The Open Season—A
Cent on Its Travels—A Mean
Insinuation—Twins False,
Etc., Etc.**

She whispered to me at the door,
Just as I turned to go,
And oh! I never loved her more
Than in that even glow;
I felt the perfume of her hair,
As close she bent her hair,
But now she's gone, and I declare,
I don't know what she said!
—New York Herald.

THE OPEN SEASON.
"You think you are getting a little
fly, don't you?" said the man to the
trout as he leisurely pulled him in.
"I do seem to be catching on," replied
the trout.—Life.

A CENT ON ITS TRAVELS.
"A dollar doesn't go very far," sighed
Hicks.
"Well, a cent does," said Johnny.
"One I put in the plate this morning is
going out to the heathen."

TWINS FALSE.
Miss Summitt—"I heard to-day that
Miss Dizzy's hair came almost down to
her feet."
Miss Palisade—"What did she get it
so long for?"—Cleveland Review.

A READY RETORT.
"But, madam," said the tramp, "you
can't expect me to saw wood on an
empty stomach."
"Oh, no," said the lady; "there is a
saw-horse in the shed."—New York Sun.

A MUTUAL BOND.
Mrs. Bingo (to the minister)—"Won't
you have another piece of pie?"
The Minister—"Thank you, no."
Tommy (who has been warned not to
ask twice)—"I guess we are both in the
same boat."—Life.

MAID THING TO GUESS.
"Did you hear that Lynceus had
painted a prize picture?"
"No."
"True. It's to be given as a prize to
any one who guesses what it's about."
Philadelphia Times.

NOT SO EASY.
Arabella—"So Mr. Scrit has proposed
at last! Then it is all settled!"
Bertha—"Well, no, not exactly; I
managed to get him to pop the question;
but, somehow, he hasn't the courage to
question the pop."—Puck.

STILL WITHIN RANGE.
"I should think you would be afraid
to eat onions."
"Why? I'm safe. My wife is in Chi-
cago."
"Yes, but that isn't very far for an
onion."—New York Recorder.

A MEAN INSINUATION.
Ethel—"What did you say to George
when he proposed?"
Maud—"I asked for time to consider;
it was so unexpected, you know."
Ethel—"It always is, after one has
given up all hope."—Munsey's Weekly.

THE BOY'S FAVORITE.
"Now," said the teacher, who had
been trying to instill her class with a
love of nature, "which of the seasons do
you like best? Johnny may an-
swer."
And Johnny promptly answered: "The
baseball season."—Washington Post.

AN ERROR OF POETIC JUDGMENT.
"I'm a budding poet," chirruped the
fresh young fellow to the man at the
desk.
"Oh, no, you are not," said the horse
editor, for it was he, "you are a bloom-
ing idiot. Too long, too long. So long,
again, please."—Washington Star.

A TREASURE.
"How is your Mr. McWatty?" asked
one boarding-house keeper of another,
speaking of a boarder who had been al-
luring.
"Oh, he's quite lost his appetite," re-
plied Mrs. Small.
"Dear me, how fortunate you always are
with your young men."—Chicago News.

HER REGULAR VICTIM.
Mr. Nimrod—"I am going out hunt-
ing this afternoon, and I'll bet I bring
down something."
Mrs. Nimrod—"But the dog you shot
last time isn't well yet."
"Oh, I'm not going to have any dog
with me this time."
"No dog! For goodness sake, Henry,
what do you expect to shoot?"—Texas
Siftings.

SIGNIFICANT EPISTOLARY EFFORTS.
Sams—"Do you think it is possible
to tell a mad's character by his hand-
writing?"
Rodd—"O, yes. I judged Brown's
character correctly by his handwriting
long before I saw him."
Sams—"Indeed?"
Rodd—"Yes. I saw it several times
on I. O. U.'s and notes of hand."—
Munsey's Weekly.

ABOUT THE RIGHT PROPORTION.
Student—"We want badges for our
graduating class. We have adopted as
a design a graduate surveying the uni-
verse."
Jeweler—"About how large would
you like the figures?"
Student—"I think the graduate
should cover about three-fourths of the
badge and the universe the remain-
der."—Jeweler's Weekly.

AN ACCOMMODATING PA.
Mr. Slump—"What do you think of
your pa when you told him we were en-
gaged to be married?"
"Miss Beauty—"He was real kind.
He said if you would call him to-
morrow, with a carriage—I think he
said your carriage—he would go with
you to look at any brownstone fronts
you think of buying for me to live in."
New York Weekly.

"BLESSED IS THE PEACEMAKER."
Fond Mother—"And so you made
Tommy and Willie stop fighting, did
you? I'm glad to see that my little boy
is a peacemaker. What did mama's joy
do to separate them?"
Mama's Joy—"Well, it was this way:

Tommy was gettin' licked, so I just
sailed in an' pasted Billy one in the jaw,
an' when I got through with him, he
didn't feel much like stoppin' an' have it
out with Tommy."—Puck.

CHANGE OF PROGRAMME.
Wife—"The Gossip Sewing Society
meets this afternoon, and I'll run over
for a couple of hours, if you think you
can keep the baby quiet."
Smart Husband (who wouldn't hurt a
fly)—"Oh, I'll do it. I'll keep him
quiet, if I have to choke him."
Wife—"On second thoughts, I don't
believe I feel like sewing this afternoon.
Let's go to the park."—New York
Weekly.

AN UNPLEASANT SUBJECT.
Mrs. Brickrow—"I met Mr. Intrude
yesterday, and was disgusted at the way
he talked."
Mrs. Brownstone—"Horror! You do
not associate with such people, do you?
They always talk shop."
Miss Brickrow—"Yes. As I was say-
ing, I was disgusted at his talk. The
idea of his saying you'd been owing him
money for five years and he never ex-
pected to get a cent of it."—Good News.

AN INDISCRETION.
Tape—"I hear you've been fired."
Mezure—"Yes."
Tape—"Telling the truth."
Tape—"I see. You told some cus-
tomer that those French silks were made
in New Jersey?"
Mezure—"No. One of the new sales-
men wanted to know what kind of a man
old Parker was, and I told him Parker
was an old fool. Parker heard me."
Tape—"And he discharged you?
Didn't you explain it?"
Mezure—"Yes. I told him I didn't
know that it was a trade secret."—
Puck.

AN AUTHORITATIVE DECISION.
Tommy came running to his father,
one day with a weight of trouble on his
mind.
"Sadie says that the moon is made of
green cheese, pa, and I don't believe it."
"Don't you believe it. Why not?"
"I know it isn't."
"But how do you know?"
"Is it, papa?"
"Don't ask me that question; you
must find out for yourself."
"How can I find it out?"
"You must study into it."
He went to the parlor, took the family
Bible from the table and was missed for
some time, when he came running into
the study.
"I have found it out; the moon is not
made of green cheese, for the moon was
made before the cows were."—Life.

A SENATOR'S CREEPY CONFESSION.
For some time Senator Coke's life at
Washington was made bitter as quinine
by the visit of a shiftless constituent
who was in search of a fat berth under
Uncle Sam. During the Senator's ab-
sence from his rooms in his boarding
house his devoted friend would proceed
to make himself at home with brotherly
familiarity, using up the Senator's paper
and envelopes and smoking his fine old
Mexican tobacco. One day Coke, on his
return from the capitol, found his be-
loved friend in lordly possession of his
quarters, when the following conversa-
tion ensued:
"You'll excuse me, my friend," ob-
served Coke, "but I left this room
locked when I went off this morning,
and I'm curious to know how you hap-
pened to get in here."
"Simplest thing in the world," replied
his genial guest. "Bang the bell, told
the girl I was your particular friend and
asked her to open your room."
"Well," continued the big Senator in a
massive tone of voice, "that's an unusual
and unpardonable proceeding. Will
you please go down stairs, ring the bell
and send your card up in the regular
way. I like to have these little points
of etiquette observed."
The well, he did it. "Coke would tell in
his solemn, descriptive style, "and then
I sent down word that I wasn't in."—
New York Mercury.

THE RUSSIANS ARE NATURAL FIGHTERS.
"It may be worth while, now that
there is so much talk about Russia's
preparations for war," said the Army of-
ficer, "to recall the fact that Russians are
natural fighters. Do you recall the war
stories which appeared awhile ago in one
of our magazines. Here the discipline of
the Czar's army and the love for fighting
were shown in most convincing ways.
In the paper on the Russian Army the story
was retold of an order given to Russian
regiments to take some hills then in the
possession of the enemy. The regiments
started with a rush, and thrice the order
for retreat was given. But by some mis-
understanding one regiment failed to re-
ceive the orders. When it was learned
that this regiment was missing the whole
Russian army received orders to advance
and to take the heights. The army went
up the hill, was driven back and went up
again. It went up time after time and
was thrown back into the plain below.
It fought all night, trying to take the
heights. When the sun rose the next
morning it was discovered that the
one missing regiment had taken the
heights, licked its own army on the one
side and the enemy on the other. That's
the Russian idea of fighting."
"This same war article," the speaker
added, "tells of another night attack.
The enemy fell upon the Czar's troops
when they were making a forced march
at night. There were in confusion, but
they stood still and allowed themselves
to be shot down until they could form.
And how do you suppose this was done?
The first man of the first company fired
and his company formed, each man find-
ing his position by the flash of the pre-
ceding man's rifle. The first company
once in line, the second formed in the
same way, and so the whole army by the
flash of gunpowder in the blackness of
night found its position. When daylight
came the whole army was seen to be
stretched across the plain in a line as true
as if drawn with a rule. The Russian is
a natural soldier and the discipline which
he undergoes makes him a superb fight-
er."—New York Tribune.

Kissed His Fallen Boy.
General Wade Hampton is one of the
most interesting survivors of the war.
He lost his leg after, and not in the war,
but he suffered a greater misfortune in
the death of his son, who was shot down
before his eyes during a cavalry skir-
mish. The brilliant cavalry leader dashed
out to the fallen body of the boy, raised
it, and kissed the youth's face—and then
rode on into the fight.—New York Sun.

CURIOUS FACTS.

Illinois has frog farms.
Buttons are made from potatoes.
The true Bengal tiger is dying out.
Hotel waiters are great readers of
character.

The largest city in the world in area is
Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, which covers 540
square miles.

There is a difference of only twenty-
two square miles between the areas of
England and Iowa.

A mirror brought to this country in
1776 stands in the window of a Chester
(Penn.) furniture store.

A Turk (Penn.) woman, ninety-seven
years of age, says that she never took a
drop of medicine in her life.

The coast line of Alaska exceeds in
length by 3020 miles that of all the re-
mainder of the United States.

At the present day sacred pigs roam
inviolable about the Buddhist monasteries
of Canton and elsewhere in China.

A subscription book publisher says
that of the different histories of the
Johnstown disaster more than a million
copies were sold.

A resident of Jasper, Ga., killed a hawk
a few days ago of great size. It meas-
ured five feet and seven inches from tip
to tip of its wings.

An Irish judge was presented with
white gloves the other day, to mark the
entire absence of criminal cases from the
calendar in his riding.

A few years ago the great Selkirk glacier
in British Columbia was pure water.
Now it is grimy from ashes scattered by
the waning burning of forest trees.

What island was discovered by Colum-
bus on his first American voyage is
still unknown. The popular idea that
Catal Island was the one was exploded
long ago.

A number of years ago a lot of swine
were turned loose from a ranch at Lerdo,
in Lower California, and they have in-
creased so enormously that herds of 3000
are not uncommonly seen on the plains.

An old Spanish captain named Lucas
Negreiras Perez, who is ninety years of
age, returned to Spain recently in his
own ship, the crew and passengers of
which consisted of his own family, num-
bering no fewer than 279 persons.

Unlike most other marine animals, the
lobster is not truly migratory in its habi-
tats. It remains on about the same
ground, it is believed, from year to year,
coming into shallower water in spring
and returning into the less accessible
depths in autumn.

It is not every boy that can make a
bicycle for himself. Yet that is what a
sixteen-year-old colored lad of Georgia,
a blacksmith's apprentice, has done. He
made the bicycle out of raw material
picked up in the shop, and it rides as
smoothly as a factory-made machine.

Old Kentucky hunters, it is said, did
not shoot bullets into squirrels, but, as
the phrase was, barked them. The
shot went between the chins of the small
animals and the limbs on which they
stood, and sent the game to the ground
in a series of somersaults, with the breath
knocked out of them, without spoiling
their skins and flesh. They never
mangled their game.

The Silent Club.
A queer club was once established in
London, under the title of the Silent
Club. The members were bound to ex-
press themselves at all club meetings, as
far as possible, without words. The
first rule of the club was: "The mem-
bers of this Academy shall think much,
write little, and be as mute as they can."

On one occasion a new candidate ap-
plied for admission. But the members
were limited and all vacancies filled. A
meeting was called, the candidate was to
be introduced, and the President was to
announce his decision. When the gen-
tleman entered, the members, who were
all his friends, were as much disap-
pointed as he that he was to be refused.

As he approached the President rose,
and silently handed him a cup of water,
so full that a single drop would have
made it overflow.

The applicant perfectly understood
what the President meant, but he was
courageous and quick-witted. Without
speaking he took from his button-hole a
single rose and laid it gently on top of
the water. He laid it on so softly that
not a drop was displaced, and handed it
back to the President with a bow.

With one consent the members ap-
plauded. They resolved to put their rule
aside, and to admit the man who showed
them that he could ornament their so-
ciety without hurting it.

Then the man thanked them in an
equally curious way. When the register
was handed him to be signed he wrote
below his name the number of the club
members—100. He added before it an
0, making it 0100. Underneath he
wrote, "Their value will be the same."

The man was so modest that the Presi-
dent complimented him immediately by
rubbing out the 0 and substituting the
figure 1. This made the number 1100.
Underneath he wrote, "Their value will
be increased eleven times."

These ingenious people must have de-
voted a great deal of time and thought
to avoid using their tongues.—Harper's
Young People.

Not Hospitable To Two Dollar Bills.
The number of two dollar bills in ac-
tive circulation in New York is astonish-
ing. Since the publication of the
alleged extensive counterfeiting of the
two dollar silver certificates the entire
issue, genuine and bogus, seems to be
kept on the move.

The two dollar notes fairly rain upon
every tradesman, who passes them as
quickly as possible. The next man does
the same. Nobody refuses, nobody dis-
putes them; but all the same everybody
lets go of them at the first opportunity.
If the same uneasiness prevails elsewhere
the problem of the two dollar notes will
have solved itself. They will be worn
out in six months.—New York Herald.

How the Sangir Malays Keep Time.
The people of Sangir, an island of the
Malay Archipelago, keep time by the aid
of an hour glass formed by arranging
two bottles neck to neck. The sand runs
out in half an hour, when the bottles are
reversed. Close by them a line is
stretched, on which hang twelve sticks
marked with notches from one to twelve,
with a hooked stick, which is placed be-
tween the hour last struck and the next
one. One of these glasses keeps the time
for each village, for which purpose the
hours are sounded on a gong by a keeper.
—Philadelphia Record.

Good Blood

Is absolutely
Essential to

Good Health

You may have
Both by taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The best
Blood Purifier.

It possesses
Curative Power

Peculiar To Itself

PN 19 '91

Every Mother

Should Have It in The House.

Dropped on Sugar, Children Love
to take Hood's Sarsaparilla for Croup, Colds,
Whooping Cough, Measles, and other
childhood ailments. It is a perfect
cure for all these ailments.

THINK OF IT.
In use over 10 YEARS in one family.
Dr. J. S. Jones & Co.—It is sixty years since I first
used Hood's Sarsaparilla. I have used it for more
than forty years, and I can say that it is the best
cure for all the ailments of childhood that I have
ever known. It is a perfect cure for Croup, Colds,
Whooping Cough, Measles, and other ailments of
childhood. It is a perfect cure for all these ailments.
Hood's Sarsaparilla is a perfect cure for all these ailments.
It is a perfect cure for all these ailments.

Every Sufferer
from Croup, Colds, Whooping Cough, Measles,
and other ailments of childhood should have
Hood's Sarsaparilla in the house. It is a perfect
cure for all these ailments.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod
Liver Oil and
HYPOPHOSPHITES
of Lime and
Soda

Is endorsed and prescribed by leading
physicians because of its Cod Liver Oil and
Hypophosphites are the recognized
agents in the cure of Consumption. It is
as palatable as milk.

Scott's Emulsion is a perfect
cure for Consumption, It is the
Best Remedy for Consumption,
Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Dis-
eases, Chronic Coughs and Colds.
Ask for Scott's Emulsion and take no other.

Best Truss Ever Used.

ELASTIC TRUSS

With hold the worst cases with
comfort. Worn night and day. Positively
cure rupture. Sent by
mail everywhere. Send
for descriptive catalogue
and testimonials to
G. V. House Mfg. Co.,
744 Broadway,
New York City.

CALIFORNIA IN '49.

Some of the Features of Living There
During the Gold Excitement.

Life in California was at that time a
wild romance. No words could
describe the scenes that were enacted
during that chaotic period. Thousands
of men, organized in bands or wholly
disorganized, were constantly arriving
from every part of the world and leav-
ing for the diggings. Outlaws and pro-
fessional gamblers opened saloons by
the score at every point where men con-
gregated. Money was scattered every-
where as if by the wind. Miners who
had realized fortunes in a few days
came down to Stockton, Sacramento,
and San Francisco to squander them in
the night at the gambling tables. Scarcely
a woman was anywhere of society were
restraining influences of society were
absent, and I cannot find an expression
better suited to the case than "Pande-
monium on a frolic."

As there were no wives, there could
be no homes or families. A few stores
had been hastily put up along the shore,
made of rough boards or canvas, and all
of them were doing an enormous busi-
ness. The rest of the village consisted
of shanties or tents used for restaurants
and saloons. Human life was a moving
panorama. The whole place was alive
with a mass of unkempt men clad in
flannel shirts and heavy boots, who were
inspired with the one desire to hurry on
to the mines.

This rough life was not without its
touches of sentiment. One day the town
was electrified by the rumor that an in-
voice of women's bonnets had arrived
and could be seen at one of the stores.
The excitement was intense, and there
was a rush from every direction to get
a realistic view of even so insignificant
a substitute for female society. I do
not overstate the truth in saying that
the thoughts of home that were awak-
ened in the breasts of the rude-looking
men at the sight of those bonnets started
tears from eyes which the worst forms
of privation and hardship had failed to
moisten.

The Christian missionary was already
on the ground, and good Parson Williams
had managed to find a place where he
could preach on Sunday. One of the
first men who arrived with his family
came to one of these meetings attended
by his wife and baby. During the ser-
mon it chanced that the baby cried and
the mother was about to withdraw,
when the preacher addressed her thus:
"My good woman, I beg you to remain;
the innocent sound of that infant's
voice is more eloquent than any words
I can command. It speaks to the
hearts of men whose wives and children
are far away, looking and praying for
safe return to their own loved ones at
home." Never shall I forget the sobs
and tears which those words evoked
throughout that rough assembly. That
infant's cry seemed to them the music
of angels.

With those who made San Francisco
their temporary abode gambling ap-
peared to be the chief occupation and
Spanish monte the favorite game. One
house fronting on the plaza, a two-story
frame building called the Parker House,
rented for \$120,000 per annum, the
rental being paid mostly by gamblers.
A single store of small dimensions and
made of rough boards rented for \$3,000
a month. A canvas tent used as a gam-
bling-saloon rented for \$40,000 per
annum. Money was loaned on good se-
curity at 15 per cent. a month, and out
of the loan the borrowers made fortunes
in real estate operations.—Century.

A Street Car Episode.

"You know where to leave me," said
a lady on a Third street car the other
day as the conductor took her fare.

"Yes, in Columbia street is your
street, I believe," he replied.

The lady retired into a brown study,
and one of those men who knows it all
and never gets left, and isn't anybody's
fool, took up the attention of the con-
ductor with a long yarn about how
street cars should be run and what
rapid transit would do for the people,
and when the conductor thought of that
woman again he was just crossing Willis
avenue.

"She'll have me discharged if I tell
her," he said to himself, and cold drops
of terror stood out on his manly brow.

Once the passenger did look out of
the car window, but seeing an un-
familiar part of the city concluded she
was still en route to Columbia street.

The car went to the end of the line
and returned on its way down town
again.

"Co-l-u-m-b-i-a!" called the con-
ductor bravely, and the lady gathered
up her traps and stepped out on the
platform.

"Good gracious, conductor," she be-
gan.

"Hurry up, madam," urged the con-
ductor, and after assisting her off, he
hastily rang the bell and the car started
again.

And the astonished woman was heard
to remark: "No wonder the car's so
slow; they travel backwards."—Free
Press.

The Peasant and the Sheep.
One day a peasant drove his flock
of sheep into an enclosure, and was
preparing to Donde them of their long
and heavy fleeces, when a ewe, which
was the oldest of the lot, suddenly ob-
jected and said:

"I have long thought this an out-
rage on our rights, and I now demand
to be taken before the Cadi, who will
give a decision."

The Peasant, nothing loth, led the
ewe to the Village, where the Cadi
(who invented the Cadi hat) was then
receiving the complaints of his Sub-
jects. After hearing both Sides of the
Story, he stroked his long beard,
scratched his right Shin with his left
foot, and replied:

"My Decision is that the Peasant
shall not rob you of your Wool."

"Good! I Knew I was Right!"
chuckled the Ewe.

"But I further Decide," continued the
Cadi as he relieved the Ticking in his
Throat with a Cough-Drop, "that the
Peasant neither Feed Lodge nor longer
care for you. In fact that he turn you
out for yourself. If you are not
willing to make him any return he will
be a wise man to get rid of you."

Looks now as if the Backbone of
Winter was Broken.—Detroit Free
Press.

FAIR LADY (with large conversational
aperture)—Can't you make the mouth a
little smaller? Photographer—Great
Scott! do you want a picture without
any mouth at all? I've pared it down
three inches already.

Out of over 80,000 volumes drawn
from the Portland, Me., public library
last year only four were lost.

To Dispel Colds,
Headaches and Fevers, to cleanse the system
effectually, yet gently, when confined by illness,
or when the blood is impure or sluggish,
to permanently cure habitual constipation,
to awaken the kidneys and liver to a healthy ac-
tivity, without irritating or weakening them,
use Syrup of Figs.

Spain and Morocco will be united by
cable.

Dobbins's Electric Soap has been made for 24
years. Each year sales have increased. In
1880 sales were \$200,000. In 1890 sales were
\$2,000,000. In 1899 sales were \$10,000,000.
After considering this, I concluded to give it
a trial, as I had already taken so much patent
medicine, and been so unsuccessful with it, and
not having benefited me any, that it seemed
like money thrown away; but I procured the
Electric Soap, and have taken four bottles, and
feel that it has greatly relieved my dyspepsia.
MR. L. HERNAN.

Fluorization is the speedy and permanent
cure for Sick Headache, Indigestion, Dyspep-
sia, Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Nervous Dis-
eases, and all disorders of the Stomach, Liver
and Kidneys. It purifies the blood,
makes the weak strong and gives to
the old the vigor of youth.

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